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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

EDUCATION OF HEART AND HEAD.

A CHICAGO PROFESSOR LATELY PRESENTED TO HIS CLASS IN COLLEGE THE FOLLOWING LIST OF QUESTIONS THAT HE DECLARED OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED SATISFACTORILY BY EVERY MAN BEFORE HE RECEIVED HIS DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS:

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Have you sympathy with all good causes?

Can you look straight in the eye of an honest man or a pure woman?

Will a lonely dog follow you?

Do you believe in lending a helping hand to weaker men?

Do you believe in taking advantage of the law when you can do so?

Can you be high-minded and happy in drudgery?

Can you see as much beauty in washing dishes and hoeing corn as in playing golf and the piano?

Do you know the value of time and money?

Are you good friends with yourself?

Do you see anything in life besides dollars and cents?

Can you see sunshine in a mud puddle?

Can you see beyond the stars?

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1907 NUMBER 21

THE SET OF A SOUL.

One ship drives east and the other drives west
With the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which tells us the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

—*Home Herald.*

Prof. Shailer Matthews in a talk last Sunday morning in one of the Chicago churches discovered that the absence of love is the fundamental cause of divorce. There is nothing new in this discovery; but there will be something new and startling in the insistence that sacrifice and forbearance are the fundamental elements of true love.

Chicago is proud of its Field Houses in its small parts, of its juvenile court and of Jailer Whitman, who in a recent talk on the criminally-inclined youth said:

"College boys who 'take souvenirs,' take down barber poles, and in other ways known only to the demons of the microscopic hat and the exaggerated trousers 'paint the town red,' are as guilty of crime as many young men 'doing time' in the county jails. I do not say that the college and high school boys who do these things ought to be in jail, but I do know a lot of poor boys in jail who in their hearts are no worse than these students."

UNITY has never dared undertake a humor column; it is too serious a task for the Editor and too somber a business for the reader. But we enjoy the "Famous Pleasantries" column in the *Christian Register,* which last week reported a Chicago girl who had justified the throwing of her lover overboard because she "could never marry a man with a crooked leg"; and when asked "What made his leg crooked?" replied, "I ran over it with my motor car." We are not sure of the location, but we might possibly be able to locate the girl in most any city.

The magazines with unerring instinct anticipate the public pulse more and more surely. With the return of each February comes a new installment of Lincoln literature. Not less than three articles will make the February *Century* not only a valuable number to the American citizen but a great selling number to the publishers. Col. Silas Burt will write of "Lincoln on his own story telling"; Col. Carr on "Why Lincoln Was Nominated by Acclamation," and Myrta Lockett Avery's "Story of a Lincoln Souvenir in the South." We all will want the February *Century.*

The *Literary Digest* for January 12 gives some impressive quotations from the articles by Sir Oliver Lodge published in the *Homiletic Review* on "What Psychical Research Can Do for Religion." Whatever may be the result of a more close scientific scrutiny concerning the more crass and materialistic psychic phenomena, alleged or otherwise, the force of Sir Oliver's general argument remains. Religion must ever find its increasing sanctions on the border line of human knowledge, where the known, the demonstrable, fades, not into nothingness, but into the more real unknown, the greater verity that ever impinges upon the now and the here. Spiritualism, so-called, miscarries and offends when it results in a flippant curiosity, or, what is still worse, a superficial impatience with the known facts and experiences and their contribution to the religious life. That is vicious psychical research that makes one blasé to the inevitable and unquestioned psychic verities revealed in common life and universal history.

The Bureau of Chemistry of the Agricultural Department at Washington issues regularly a bulletin containing food inspection decisions by the Secretary of Agriculture. Decisions 40 to 48 are before us and are very instructive. Among them the following: "Every package of food and drugs guaranteed by the Department must be so inscribed." "Compounds, imitations and blends of flours, etc., is permissible if the fact is plainly stated on the package." The Secretary of Agriculture seems to have great doubts about blended whiskies. He rules that "neutral," "silent," "cologne," "spirit," or alcohol diluted with water to a proof for consumption and artificially colored and artificially flavored does not become a whisky but is a spurious imitation. Flavoring extracts continue to perplex the Department, but Mr. Wilson is clear that that should not be sold as "strawberry ice cream that is flavored with imitation strawberry flavor." Strange, is it not, that the commercial world should be so permeated with dishonesty and fraud and so anxious to perpetuate the same as to make necessary these weekly bulletins?

The Springfield *Republican* tells us that many Massachusetts people are busy in preparing the public mind for the coming Peace Conference at The Hague by arranging for a series of peace meetings in this country. A National Peace Congress will be held in New York in April, beginning on Sunday, the 14th,

and continuing to the Wednesday evening following. At these meetings distinguished foreign guests will speak. Andrew Carnegie has been elected president of the New York Society, to take the place of Oscar S. Strauss, now of the President's Cabinet. As might be expected, we learn in the same article that Felix Adler, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of New York, and William Salter, of Chicago, are joining in the protest against the overemphasis of militarism at the coming Jamestown Exposition, referred to last week. It would seem that this is a theme which no pulpit which has much to say of the Prince of Peace or the kingdom of God can neglect. It is all the more imperative that the pulpit, the platform and the class room should agitate this question in view of what threatens to be a conspiracy of silence on the part of the daily press, in the columns of which as yet there has been a conspicuous absence of "news" concerning this matter.

Two admirable teachers, principals of Chicago public schools, have published a little book, "Arithmetic Without Figures," for all grades. It contains 339 problems, of which experts say, "They are valuable," but it fills the uninitiated with consternation, for so many of them are beyond our ability of guessing or of arriving even at approximate results. We imagine the consternation along the benches of the log school house, the alma mater of so many old-fashioned people, if the question were propounded, "Knowing the perimeter of an equilateral triangle, how can you find one side?" Or, if a boy had been asked "to tell Bertha how to construct a scalene triangle"; or even, "How George could find out how many marbles he had in one pocket, another pocket, in his hat, and in each hand." The log schoolhouse aside, for all our experience with subscription lists, we cannot guess the cost of a "bushel of peanuts which Wendell sold at a price per quart that enabled him to double his money"; and we have never yet been able to figure out the expenditure of a man "who smokes a cigar after each meal, costing a dime, for a score of years" in a manner satisfactory to the smokers in our audience. But this book is no joke, and if we were equal to the pedagogical appreciation of the same we would treat it in no flippant manner. The last puzzle in connection with the book is why one should send his ten cents to W. M. Lawrence, Shawnee, Okla., to get this book issued by Chicago schoolmasters.

Bishop Fallows in his Chicago pulpit of last Sunday spoke of the "Boy Problem" as the ever pressing problem of society. He calls the period from 12 to 18 in the life of the average boy, "the perilous period," and he adds to the demand for plenty of play and healthy noise that

"Love for God should ever be taught and exemplified during this period. Disobedient children as a rule are the consequence of disobedient parents. Be true yourselves to the laws of life, of home, of education, and you may rest assured that it will be well with the boy."

We wish we could adequately emphasize these two suggestions of our neighbor. While all years are critical in the life of the human, the second dozen of years are vastly more laden with danger than the first dozen in the life of a boy. And still our observation persuades us that the average "new" mother gives vastly more attention to the education and environment, physical and moral, of the boy of kindergarten age than she does when he gets into the higher grammar grades and the high school. And to the second point: Parents give vastly more attention to the secular and physical education of the boy in these critical years than to the spiritual development of the same. If churches have a salutary influence upon the soul, if religion can be advanced by systematic tuition, their greatest opportunity and obligation belongs to the high school years, during which years, in modern communities, the boys, even in well organized homes, are submitted to lax discipline and irregular habits with the good natured sanction of the parents, which sanction is enforced by their own happy-go-lucky habits concerning the life of the spirit.

The Senior Editor of UNITY exchanged pulpits last Sunday with Rabbi T. Schanfarber of the K. A. M. Synagogue of Chicago, and was impressed once more with the stately dignity, the spirit of decorum and the air of solemnity and serious hospitality which combine to make the atmosphere of the Synagogue devout. Over against which stands in painful contrast the chatty flippancy, the free and easy bustle, the pervasive whispering if not the loud conversation too often witnessed before and after the exercises in too many so-called Christian conventicles. The lack of concentration, the absence of concerted interest, often make "devotional" exercises seem almost a misnomer. Perhaps the so-called "Liberal" churches are more open to this criticism than are the churches which boast of the orthodox label, though the observations of this writer do not warrant this latter assumption. But surely, the modern church has assumed too much the role of the kindergarten, which, by vivacity and the avoidance of awesome forms and phrases, try to "attract" the young and to hold the careless. The regime of the elders, the office of deacon, should be reinstated or strengthened. The three thousand years of history which broods over the Jewish Synagogue is a magnificent endowment, itself an aid to worship, a stimulant to thought, a quickener of emotions. But the true church of the twentieth century, the truly liberal church, enters into the full inheritance of Jewry, augmented by twenty centuries of Christian consecration, devotion and martyrdom, plus still the gropings of the ancient world, the uplift of Vedic hymn, of Buddhistic renunciation, of Parsee struggles, and of Chinese meditations. In trying to make our churches "attractive" to the young and the flippant we repel old and young. In trying to make them the shrines of the

soul, the escape of the devout, we will hold both old and young. In our liberal churches the office of the deacons should be revived.

The *Quiver* for January contains an informing article on "What the Blind Can Do," by Helen Keller. The article itself is a thrilling answer to the question. The article is illustrated with the beautiful faces of Miss Keller, the venerable Dr. Hale and the faithful teacher, Miss Sullivan, in conversation with her. The article conveys the hopeful information that at Cambridge, Mass., an experimental station is established to test industries that are practical for the sightless and to give to the blind the necessary training to follow the same. The article tells us that at the Glasgow asylum, where salable articles have been manufactured for eighty years, $145,000 worth of articles were sold in three recent years. In English cities from six to thirteen per cent of the blind are engaged in workshops, while only one per cent of the blind in the United States are employed in industrial establishments. Miss Keller pathetically closes her article as follows:

There is no law on the statute-books compelling people to move up closer on the bench of life to make room for a blind brother; but there is a divine law written on the hearts of men constraining them to make a place for him, not only because he is unfortunate, an object of their compassion, but also because it is his right as a human being to share God's greatest gift, the privilege of man to go forth unto his work.

It is well to remember that this blind, deaf and dumb child caps the climax of human triumph over physical infirmities. In the brilliant list of triumphant blind people furnished in this article, Helen Keller should lead all the rest. Here is the list as compiled by Miss Keller of those, to use her own words, "who have succeeded in almost every known business and profession, despite their misfortunes":

Homer, Æschylus, Ossian, and Milton wrote great poems with never a ray of light in their eyes. Henry Fawcett, Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge University, a member of Parliament for nineteen years, and, under Mr. Gladstone, Postmaster-General of Great Britain (he introduced many practical improvements in the postal service, among them the "Parcels Post"); Leonhard Euler, the Swiss mathematician and astronomer, who conducted his vast calculations mentally, and who was a member of all the royal societies of learning in Europe; François Huber, the naturalist, who was for a century the leading authority on bees; Augustin Thierry, the French historian, who wrote his great work on the Merovingians with the aid of others' eyes; and our own historian, William Hickling Prescott, are blind men who successfully kept in the forefront of life. Alexander Rodenbach, a distinguished Belgian statesman and writer; Didymus of Alexandria, the preceptor of St. Jerome; Diodorus the Stoic, friend and teacher of Cicero; Zisca, the leader of the Bohemians in the Hussite War, who thrice defeated the Emperor's forces, did noble work after their eyes had ceased to know the light.

Blind men have been musicians, road-builders, carpenters, wood-workers, journalists, editors, yacht-builders, and teachers of the blind and the seeing. These blind men, through their indomitable perseverance, wrought out their own salvation and became the liberators of their afflicted fellows by proving what man can do in the dark by the light of courage and intelligence. For it must be seen that if an exceptional blind man, unaided by a special education in a school for the blind, can lead a life of service and distinction, an ordinary blind man without genius can be trained to do an ordinary man's work. And this tells us what yet remains to be done for the blind.

Some Splendid Books

George Wharton James with the skillful and generous coöperation of Little, Brown & Company, of Boston, is putting forth some of the most attractive books of travel and exploration now in the current book trade. His last work, two elegant volumes on "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert,"* is just at hand. Mr. James is the prophet of the American desert, with an artist's eye and an expert mastery of the lens. The profuse illustrations of these volumes without the letter text are illuminating, and the letter text without the pictures fills every page with vivid pictures. Mr. James is a child of the sunshine, the mystic of the sand hills. Added to the dash and excitement of the explorer, we find here the interpretations of a devout poet. The Dedication, In the Desert, is a psalm, Hebraistic in its spirit and terseness:

"IN THE DESERT
Silent Voices have spoken,
Peace has come,
Joy has flowed,
Courage has grown,
Health been regained.
To the SOURCE, *the Maker of Deserts, with a thankful heart, I dedicate this book.*"

His chapters on "Desert Surprises," "Colors of the Desert," "The Wild Life and Plant Life of the Desert" and "The Lure of the Desert" are as informing as they are charming. Mr. James finds in Carl Eytel an artist whose pencil is a worthy companion to his pen.

When Dharmapala, the native Secretary of the Maha Bodi Society of Ceylon, found himself called upon to lecture on Buddha and Buddhism in America he was glad to avail himself of the works of Rhys Davids and Monier Williams, to be found in the UNITY sanctum, as the best and latest authorities on the subject. It is quite certain that if a Parsee desires to give the latest and fullest information upon his own religion he must turn to the works of Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson, of Columbia University. When Professor Jackson's work on Zoroaster appeared seven years ago UNITY rejoiced in the fact that at last its favorite Pagan, the most obscure but perhaps the most "modern" and western of the seven great teachers of religion, had found a worthy interpreter. Then we said that Zoroaster ought to be the patron saint of the Granger. He glorified the planter of seeds and emphasized the virtue of labor and the sanctity of struggle. A worthy companion to his work on Zoroaster is his last volume on "Persia Past and Present."** This book is free from much of the technical knowledge and critical material which interferes with the enjoyment of the "common reader" in the preceding volume. It is a book of modern travel. What George Wharton James has done for the Colorado Desert, spite of the absence of human traditions and

*"THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT (Southern California), by George Wharton James, with upwards of three hundred pen and ink sketches from Nature by Carl Eytel. Little, Brown & Co. Two volumes. $5.

**"PERSIA, PAST AND PRESENT," a book of travel and research, with more than two hundred illustrations and a map, by A. V. Williams Jackson. The Macmillan Company. $4 net.

the relics of an ancient civilization, Professor Jackson has done for Persia on account of these. Here the story of the great Bahistun Inscription is brought down to date and we are permitted to accompany the Professor up the dangerous ascent and almost place our hands on the strangely clear inscription three hundred feet in the air, which was inscribed there by order of King Darius. This inscription was first brought to the attention of the English reader by Sir Henry Rawlinson, 1837-1847.

There is no need of commending this volume to the scholars who are in a position to appreciate its unique value; there is need of commending it to the attention of the busy preacher, the pre-occupied teacher in day and Sunday school. The present writer can testify to the availability of the subject and the attractiveness of the material to Sunday school classes. Those who believe that it is not only possible to interest children in the religious life of the elder world, outside of Judaism and Christianity, but that it is positively necessary to do so if the religious sensibilities are to be normally developed, will join with us in gratitude to the author and publisher of this altogether satisfying contribution to religious as well as to historical and geographical knowledge.

Professor Knox's book on "The Spirit of the Orient"*** is not to be mentioned alongside of Professor Jackson's work on Persia, for it does not pretend to be a book of original investigations of exhaustive discussion. But it does furnish admirable collateral reading. Its chapters originally did service in the Chautauqua work. It is a written study of India, China and Japan from both the American and Asiatic point of view. The book is printed in type of startling size, which makes it easy and swift reading. The standpoint of the author is sympathetic. To read it is to ameliorate the bigotry, modify the conceit, enlarge the spirit, and rebuke the jingoism of the bumptious west and the aggressive Anglo-Saxon.

What a delightfully varied life was that of Charles Godfrey Leland—gypsy, humorist, linguist, philosopher, journalist, war correspondent, artist, and teacher —all in one. It may almost be said that he discovered dialect poetry in America, for he created "Hans Breitman." Perhaps he discovered the Gypsy to himself, and it will not be going far afield to make him the patron saint of the modern manual training movement. All this and much more is brought out in a charming manner by Elizabeth Robins Pennell in her two-volume biography, "Charles Godfrey Leland, a Biography."****

Rev. Willard Chamberlain Selleck is a busy pastor of a so-called orthodox church, who finds it incumbent upon him as a shepherd of souls to give to his people the results of modern scholarship concerning the Bible and to prepare them with a devout but fearless hand for the mental changes and the spiritual attitudes connected therewith that follow such an acquaintance. The discussion is divided into two parts, viz., "The Meaning of Biblical Criticism" and "The Value and Use of the Bible," the result of which is indicated in the title, "The New Appreciation of the Bible."***** Mr. Selleck recognizes the truth that so many Bible handlers ignore—that the *depreciation* of the Bible, of which so many complain in these days, is the result, not of the new criticism but of the old dogmatism, the attitude of mind that handicaps the Bible with an opposition of science, a distrust of philosophy, a contempt for scholarship—the result of strangling the Bible in the house of its friends. This is one more of the large class of books that is still to grow; valuable because it is a revelation of the actual experiences of a human soul while following the new light and trying to pass the life and guidance thus found to others. The book is most valuable to those who still feel the conflict between the requirements of the mind and the hunger of the heart; those who are afraid to think for fear they may lose their faith; who believe that doubt is the child of investigation instead of being the result of the faithless timidity that distrusts the sanctity of thought and the holiness of knowledge. It is a good book for the orthodox preacher who is afraid to carry into his pulpit the revelations of the study.

But this is an editorial sufficiency. An examination by the reader of the books mentioned will justify the title, "Some Splendid Books"!

***"THE SPIRIT OF THE ORIENT," by George William Knox. T. Y. Crowell Company, New York.

****"CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, A BIOGRAPHY," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in two volumes, with illustrations. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*****"THE NEW APPRECIATION OF THE BIBLE," a story of the spiritual outcome of biblical criticism, by Willard Chamberlain Selleck, D.D. University of Chicago Press. Postpaid, $1.63.

Let's Combine

Bent the grass blades to each other,
Whispered each unto his brother,
"Let's combine!
Let's combine!"
Then the tiny blades upspringing
Sang these words with voices ringing,
"See the fruit of combination—
Emerald carpet for a nation!"

Once the stars said to each other,
Signaling a far-off brother,
"Let's all shine!
Let's combine!"
At the word their lamps were lighted,
And earth's wandering feet were righted.
O, the power of combination
For the world's illumination!

Said the ocean's drops all kissing,
"Let not one of us be missing;
Let's combine!
Let's combine!
Not the angry waves high tossing—
Let us grant a swift, smooth crossing
To the ships of every nation."
O, the might of combination!

Said some dimes and dollars jingling,
"In good work let us be mingling;
Let's combine!
Let's combine!
Burn a hole within each pocket;
Women's treasury, let us stock it,
Prove the power of combination
For the world's regeneration!"

—*Rev. Sarah L. Stoner.*

Open the Churches

Modern churches, as a rule, are the most perfect expressions of architectural beauty in the community. They are erected at great cost and much real sacrifice. They are furnished as well as the average home, and better than many. But unlike most community buildings they are usually closed and locked. Six days in the week they are shut to the community. Though the church is supposed to stand for the salvation of men, its work is usually limited to inspirational and educational influences. Its practical work in the community is limited to whatever of influence may be exerted through its Sunday and midweek services, and the lives of its members during the week as they mingle in society. This is all excellent work so far as it goes, and in this way an untold amount of good has been accomplished. But community life has changed, especially in the city.

Other agencies have grown up around the church. In cities, and often in small towns, there are the saloons which seek to meet the social needs of men. There are countless clubs, and lodges with their commodious suites of rooms, providing ways and means of spending leisure time. The majority of men and boys in any city are outside of the direct influence of the average church. Thus you see that while the church has a beautiful building which is the pride of the people, the solemn place of worship, and all that, it is closed more than it is open, and out of touch with the distinctive social life of the people. The power of the church is restrained and limited, while the other forces of the community are constant.

The short Sunday services, even with their inspiring and stimulating messages, cannot be expected to overbalance the other, and sometimes adverse influences of a whole week. If we are to use the same rational sense in religion that we do in business and general affairs, it does not take much of a logician to see that the church must make some kind of readjustment in her methods if she expects to actually serve and save the community.

But a larger view of life and religion than many churches now seem to possess is necessary before such community work can be a success.

That church which seeks only its own glorification and numerical enlargement cannot hope to succeed in the largest and best sense. But the organization that will look out upon the community as a social organism to be interested, helped, won to Christ, and therefore to its better-self, without regard to the reflex action upon its own work, is bound to succeed. The people of any community are quick to detect the self-seeking spirit, or any insincerity on the part of the leaders. If it can be demonstrated that the movement is really intended to benefit the people, rather than the organization, the community will respond with money and service. The main spirit of this work is altruistic and humanitarian. It may build up the local church or it may not immediately add to its membership. This is immaterial—the work is for the community, not for the church.

There is a small town in this state with a population of about 3,500. It was said that the church there had no young men connected with its work. In fact, men there were not especially interested in any of the churches. But after a careful canvass of the parish and community it was found that there were the average number of men, but they seemed to be interested in something else. It was found that many of the younger men were interested in athletics and gymnastics. Therefore a gymnasium class was organized. The church accommodations were poor, and at first most of the members of the class were not interested in anything connected with the church. The work continued and developed, interesting members of other denominations as well as men of no church affiliation. A boys' club was organized and the church basement was turned into a gymnasium. Though the members of the various classes were never invited to attend the Congregational Church, they did attend with more or less frequency. The Sunday evening audience grew in size, young people often made up the bulk of the audience, and men were to be seen in large numbers. There were two results of this work worth mentioning. First, boys and young men were discovered and interested, and, second, the methods employed and the breadth of interest shown won for the minister a large place of influence in that community outside of his own parish. The work was by no means limited to "gymnasium classes"; but in a score of ways the church was made to serve the community.

It might as well be said here, as anywhere, that such work cannot be entered into without opposition or criticism on the part of some very good people. Many estimable Christians look upon the church as a sacred temple, and upon their pastor as a holy priest. To use the church building, or any part of it, for a gymnasium or games is, in their estimation, a sacrilege, and for their pastor to wear a gymnasium or athletic suit a terrible breach of religious form. But there is a way to convince these misinformed and zealous persons. One of the best methods is to bring before them facts and figures showing what has been done along this line by other churches; to show the actual needs of society, and how Christ's gospel can be made to save society. But above everything else, personal faith in the good intentions and consecrated purposes of their pastor will enable them to suspend their criticism until the experiment is tried. If it succeeds, such persons are usually honest enough to admit their mistake and generous enough to help on the new work.

E. A. King,
Pastor Congregational Church.

Sandusky, Ohio.

The Awakening

An average man awoke one night,
And thought of his past in the pale moonlight;
At times he muttered, at times he moaned,
And once he very distinctly groaned,
At which his guardian spirit inquired
What secret cause this dole inspired?
"Alas, why ask? I'm thinking," said he,
'About the people I used to be.

"There's the simpleton I was when—well,
It really would hardly do to tell;
And the unutterable ass
I was when—but we'll let that pass;
And the awful idiot I was when—
No, don't let's speak of that again;
And the inconceivable fool I made
Of myself when—why don't memories fade,
Or drown, or fly, or die in a hole,
Instead of eternally burning the soul?
But at any rate, you now can see
Why I mourn o'er the people I used to be."

The angel smiled with as undefiled
A glance as that of a little child,
And said, "I am musing happily
About the people you're going to be:
The soul that has learned to break its chains,
The heart grown tenderer through its pains,
The mind made richer for its thought,
The character remorse has wrought
To far undreamed capacities,
The will that sits, a king, at ease."

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

THE PULPIT

The Evangelistic Ministry

A SERMON BY REV. WALLACE M. SHORT, PASTOR BEACON HILL CHURCH, KANSAS CITY, DELIVERED BEFORE THE MISSOURI GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES, 1906.

"That thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee."—ii Tim. 1:6.

Long ago the keen eye of Paul had detected in Timothy a man of parts—a youth of great promise. And therefore had he cherished the young man, and cultivated him.

Now, after many years, he is writing. It is a heart to heart, earnest talk. He still sees in Timothy the talents, but they remain largely latent. He sees around the young man the opportunities, but the dear fellow does not seem to get at them.

Paul feels that his promising son, his spiritual child, is a smouldering ember. His fires are banked. It is partly, fear of men; partly, shame in the presence of high-sounding philosophies; partly, shrinking from hardships; partly, mental confusion and uncertainty: (for all these are named in the context).

And the flaming heart of the apostle grows lovingly, earnestly impatient. He has been praying for Timothy; yearning for him; thinking anxiously about him. He tells him so. But, he exclaims, I still believe in you. In my former letter I exhorted you not to neglect the talents you possess. And still the talent smoulders, and does not blaze. Again I admonish thee, That thou kindle into flame the gift of God that is in thee.

One might easily imagine that he who, long centuries ago, wrote to the seven churches of Asia, had taken his pen again, and in these words addressed himself to the seven score sects and denominations of America, among which number are we.

For surely Paul would think our fires are smouldering. And when we contemplate those kindled souls that have in one age and another set the world on fire, we are constrained to admit that Paul's judgment of us is true.

We, too, are timid before the conventional opinions of majorities; are reluctant to take up crosses of hardship; are self-conscious in the presence of the pomp of the powers that be; are confused, and bereft of firm convictions. (For differences of opinion are not so much to be feared by the church, as is the lack of any convictions that are firm enough to make men stand, and intense enough to make men fight.)

And so, scarcely knowing why, we find ourselves without any great battles or enthusiasms. And sometimes we catch ourselves looking about for that something to do which shall kindle great fires, first within our own souls, and then in the souls of others. And all the time we feel a vague sense that the need and opportunity are vast today beyond our power to tell; and that in us and in the church there are latent forces smouldering.

The work of the church is to make men—

To take children and develop them,—through all the successive steps and phases of an earthly career with its ever-changing experiences,—into the complete manhood and womanhood;

To stimulate and help the home in its supreme mission of character making;

To dominate society with Christ-like aims and faith;

To lay its hand upon men that are erring and wandering, and lead them back into the path of God's choices.

All this stands for leadership of men in the highest spheres of human interest. The church must make men, by developing them, by holding and dominating them, by catching them and making them willingly captive.

This means that in the church must be found individuals who have the great powers of leadership. The word "demagogue" in its original significance of "leader of men," best describes our need. Let the word keep all its present content of skill, tact, adaptability, tireless energy to gain desired ends; let it drop only the sinister significance of it; and we shall raise the cry for consecrated demagogues, for great, devoted leaders of men.

This power of leadership implies in its possessor the attainment of three great masteries.

First, there is the intellectual mastery. And this has reference not merely, not even mainly, to the content of the mind, but chiefly to its power of movement. A man may, and should, know many things. But the intellectual mastery pertains rather to what the mind is doing than to what it knows. The mind's daily habits and tasks determine its power.

He who before noon has had four hours of clear, vigorous, masterful, intellectual exercise, wears the glow of spiritual strength for the whole day. And it is a power which, like the manna in the desert, must be gathered fresh each day.

Surely every man must some time have had such a day. He began it, not with a catalogue of all the unfinished tasks in his parish to worry over: he began it in the large and tonic atmosphere of divine fellowship. Then he just went to work at his task. He did not spend the hours trampling busily over the surface of subjects, and treading a beaten crust between himself and the desired treasures. With strong strokes he dug into his themes. He ripped up the sod; he drilled and blasted the rock; he made the dirt fly. And when he seized his hat at noon for a walk before dinner, he had in himself the feeling,—Behold what havoc I have wrought! And he strode out into the air with the sense of rejoicing, as a strong man to run a race. And a man who works like that can afford to rest,—just rest, while other men worry.

It is very easy for us, who are our own task-makers, to miss all this, and become mere trotting errand-boys, assistant housekeepers and baby-tenders to our wives. And then when we have submitted to be thus enslaved, it is easy to persuade ourselves that the necessities of the case compelled us.

Suppose I should inquire about the ability of a business or professional man in the city, and for reply should be told, Oh, he is very nice about the home. Ah—? That is good, but is that all? Does he not keep office hours? Does he not work at his business?

Every man must keep by him a very hard task that lies outside his parish problems and pulpit themes—some problem of science or history or philosophy. And he must work at it every day. And he must master it.

The man who says, I can't, has no gospel to preach. For the essence of the gospel is this, That, by the grace of God, I can do what I ought to do.

The second mastery is the religious. It speaks thus, A man should enjoy *religion*—should *enjoy* religion.

To enjoy religion is to enjoy life; it is to enjoy God's world; it is to enjoy the thoughts and works and lives of the godly men and women who have lived

and wrought, in the Bible and out of it; it is to enjoy one's self; it is to enjoy people. And all this joy is focused in the Christ-like love for men, faith in them, and compassion for them.

To enjoy religion, a man must have found out what he believes. This is an exacting requirement—a task for honest men, for men who speak the truth in their hearts. The great intellectual temptation of the religious thinker today is, That a man should be half-and-half. He dreads to be called a back number; and he is afraid of being dubbed unorthodox. And so men paste upon their forehead such catch-penny phrases as, conservative-liberal, or progressive-orthodox.

A dear friend of mine, over whom I have often grieved, went before a church as a candidate for its pulpit. I inquired afterward, with surprise, why the church did not call him. I received answer, He talks in conversation like an up-to-date man; but in the pulpit he uses the phrases of a dead century.

And that divided mind revealed itself inevitably in the man's moral conduct. He was restless, and undecided. He was seeking change; he would get a call to another church; then he lacked the decision of character to accept it.

A man, in his thinking, must be converted through and through to what he believes. It must have become a conviction that sets his heart on fire, and makes him positive and ardent.

The man who has the spirit of truth in his heart will hear the, Thus saith the Lord. This is but another way of saying that he who really wants to know the truth, will find it.

And he who commits himself without reserve to that which God shows him to be true,—he will find firmness and conviction, and decision of character, and joy of faith. He will know God, and enjoy religion.

And he who finds this fellowship of God and joy of religion, will feel a yearning compassion for them who find it not. The passion for souls will begin to possess him.

The passion for souls is that good instinct in the human heart which impels the man who has found joy to impart it to others. In religion it is the noblest, most exalted feeling that can possess a human soul. As the peace of intellectual conviction (mark you, I do not say intellectual rest), and the joy and hope of living, and the bliss of divine fellowship are unfolded in a man's soul, there dawns then the ardent love for men and the yearning to impart to them God and his truth and love, which deepens into the compassion of Christ for men. This is the religious mastery.

The third great mastery to be attained by the church and its workers is the practical.

A man or a church may have intellectual strength, and Christ-like compassion; but both powers may be circumscribed, so that human society is not much affected by them.

This practical mastery is the art and skill of making one's thought and conviction, love and compassion, effective upon men. Many a man and church is intellectually and dynamically charged; but the currents of its life flow on a wire of its own, that has no connection with the great human currents of life that throb along our modern thoroughfares.

Many a man and church is like a great locomotive that has weight and steam, but its wheels merely spin round and round, and it goes nowhere and draws no load.

Intellectuality is the weight of the engine; good impulse is the steam pressure. The problem is, to get hitched to a real load, and to make the wheels bite the track.

Who has not known people and churches that were intellectual, and throbbing with kindly intent; but, while ever busy, they seemed to go nowhere and got nothing done.

So this third mastery is the practical. Its problems are, to know what is worth doing and what is not; to distinguish between spinning machinery that accomplishes nothing, and the effort that brings results; to know how to take knowledge and culture and love and compassion, and set them to work upon actual problems in a way that shall really affect men and society.

The great task before the ministry and church today is, to make the connection between the world's thinking and spiritual culture on the one hand, and the multitude of men and women that make up our voting majorities and constitute the bulk of our human society on the other hand.

The colleges, universities, and theological schools of the whole world are building structures of knowledge and doctrine that render old systems untenable. Enough of this new knowledge is disseminated through the public press to weaken the faith of almost the whole people in the authority of old systems and institutions.

But the public press does very little to build the new structure of doctrine and faith within which the spirit of man is to find shelter and peace. The schools themselves do very little in this direction. They succeed admirably in breaking the power of the old faith in the young soul. But there they leave him. The school and the public press break up the ground, and turn old growths under, leaving the soil fallow. The planting and culture of the new is left to the church.

The great task before ministry and church today is the re-interpretation of life in the light of modern knowledge. The work of the minister is to be a mediator between the college and university on the one hand, and the millions of the American people on the other.

I do not think Providence sets before men today any other task so important and so hard.

It is the most important work, because men's souls cannot live without a faith—a working theory of life that tallies with the facts we are learning; just as the electrician can do nothing without a working theory of electricity that tallies with the facts as men know them today.

It is for several reasons the most difficult task.

The old structures of faith are about in the condition of the dwellings and business houses of San Francisco after the earthquake,—they are uninhabitable. The great majority of people are moving out of them. They are camping in temporary abodes, or living entirely in the open. The rebuilding of the city is a great work.

The situation is rendered more difficult for the minister because the church he works with does not always see, as he sees, the necessity for rebuilding. And the reason why many churches rather hinder than help in this work is not difficult to discover. If you should visit the site of San Francisco today, the people that would be found living there in comfort would be those whose dwellings are still standing in habitable condition. Just so many of our churches are made up of people who are still able to live in some sort of comfort in the old structure of faith. And it is difficult for these people to realize the extent

of the intellectual shaking God has been giving the church in recent years. It is difficult for them to get into sympathetic touch with the needs of the multitudes who are living in the huts and tents of faith outside the real influence of the church.

The most difficult and most important task set before men today is that which Providence sets before the minister who is awake to the real situation and the real need; and with the minister I include the church in those cases where it also is awake to man's need and God's summons.

This task is the work of the pastor. It is the work of mediation between the university and the people. The knowledge is bound to reach the people in some form. When it comes as it ought to, it comes throbbing with the message of faith and hope and obligation to service.

The Chicago of today is a vastly better city because of the fire of 1871. The church of tomorrow will be a far nobler church because of the intellectual fire and earthquake of the recent decades, provided we arise and build. It is a task that taxes the resources of the builders.

The men most needed today are pastors of churches. It is a trying occupation. Take a group, say of a hundred graduates of the theological school. Send them out into the pastorate tomorrow. In from two to ten years a large number of them will have found their way back into college and university, ready to seize any opportunity that opens into the calling of scholar and teacher. They have met the rugged problems of intellectual and spiritual leadership among the masses of men, and have flinched. In a few years another large percentage have sloughed off into various forms of business. Another large fraction have turned to the work of the itinerant evangelist (and any man who has tried both, knows that the work of the traveling evangelist is an escape from all the patient problems, and petty vexations, and wearing anxieties of the pastorate. It is also a financial gain to most men.)

The men most needed today are pastors of churches who can grapple with the complex and difficult problems of religious leadership among the average humanity of which our cities and states are composed. This is the evangelistic ministry. It reaches and grapples with men at first hand, and leads them to know and trust the heavenly Father, and to love and serve their fellowmen.

The great need of our country today is an evangelistic ministry—a body of men who can stand up to the whole complex, patient, earnest task of religious leadership of average men and women as they are found in our churches, and around our churches on the outside.

Our churches need leadership. Our churches are as sheep without a shepherd. A man finds himself in Kansas City after two years of service in one of its churches. He looks about him, and discovers that among twelve Congregational churches he is the senior pastor in term of service. He begins to ask himself, Have these churches any continuous leadership? Any definite plans of work? Any consistent teaching that builds them up into a definite working faith? Or do they, in all these respects, live merely from hand to mouth? He looks about and discovers that there are more Congregational ex-pastors in business in the city than there are churches. He discovers also that one-half the pastors who have recently left these pulpits have gone into traveling evangelism and secretaryships. And the problem of leaders for our churches looms large before him.

Our ministry, perhaps, is not much more to blame for this situation than our churches. In fact, the question, Who is to blame? is almost always an unprofitable question. I am not throwing any stones at the men who have been driven out of the pastorate. God knows I also have been tempted.

But this fact emerges, That the men most needed today are constructive leaders of churches,—leaders of men in things religious and spiritual—men who can take the conditions and the people and the churches as they are, and can do something with them.

How is the church to meet this need? It is the problem of the whole church, and the problem of the minister because he holds an important position in the church. How are we to have this evangelistic ministry? (Remember, I hold that any man who grapples successfully with the whole complex and patient problem of leading men to know and trust God, and love and serve their fellowmen, is an evangelistic minister. It is no matter how he does it. Does he do it? is the question. The man who merely passes from church to church securing converts, does not grapple with this problem. In some cases he helps a little. In some cases he hinders.)

How are we to have this evangelistic ministry? Let us see if we can find a working solution of this problem.

After a man has done some thinking, and has felt some impulses of love, the next work is to do something about it. The intellectual and religious masteries must be followed by action. The problem of every church, when it hears from its pulpit the truth spoken in the warmth and passion of love, is to translate into deeds what it thinks and feels. Here lies the third great mastery of leadership—the practical.

How much some men accomplish with a meager intellectual and religious capital! How little some men do on a large capital of intellectual and religious culture! But the men and the churches that accomplish great things are they who, being strong in the intellectual and religious attainments, are also men and churches of action. All that a man has and is must be spent upon doing.

Here lies the weakness of our Christian men and women today in their church work.

Take the Sunday School problem. We meet and discuss it. One day of discussion should be followed by a year of action. But we meet next year, and find ourselves at about the same point; and we discuss again the things that are doing in the Sunday School world in general.

Let a man start just where he is, and do something. Out of a dozen experiments he will get one success. That is as good as men do in the scientific and business world. And when he strikes a vein, let him work it. The end sought is not an infallible system. It is the making of men. And men are made by following thought and impulse with action.

Take the problem of preaching. We study sermon methods, and we study God's truth, and we study human psychology. These are very important. But no preacher was ever made except in practice of preaching. He must *spend* himself every day upon preaching. Let him go out and preach every day for one or two or three weeks. Let him do it again and again. Let him, in his pastoral work, grapple with actual problems, and spend much time and thought for the people who have intellectual and spiritual

need. Let him preach to all sorts of people,—to the men in the back country who will turn down the lights and throw stones at him if they do not like him,—to the mentally and spiritually undeveloped (in workhouse and prison if he can get a chance),—to the self-satisfied and worldly,—to the heart-sick and hungry,—to the intellectual questioner and doubter.

And let our churches kindle with the delight of knowing and mastering and saving all sorts of men and women, and touching life from center to circumference, and grappling with the hard problems of our great unwieldy democracy.

Let us in the coming year try to think like strong men who are unafraid.

Let us enter the deeper secrets of spiritual peace, fellowship, joy of hope, and love and compassion for men.

And let us do many new and bold things, in our earnest efforts to kindle men's minds and spirits to new life. Let us ministers do new and bold things in our parishes, and see if our churches cannot kindle to the point where they shall not be afraid to let their good impulses break out into action.

Let us dare to run risks of making mistakes and doing foolish things. If a man thinks deep and hard, and loves God and his fellows heartily, he can glorify God and help his fellows even by making a fool of himself. Paul says of the great prophet, "Isaiah is very bold." Lyman Abbott says of Mr. Beecher, "His startling audacity fascinated me." Wendell Phillips says of Lovejoy, "What world-wide benefactors these imprudent men are! How prudently most men creep into nameless graves; while now and then one or two forget themselves into immortality."

I heard a man say concerning his former pastor, "I never knew him to do a foolish thing." Perchance it was so. But may the good Lord deliver us from the generation of timidly prudent folk who are trying to emulate his example.

Of course the unthinking man must go very softly, and the self-seeking man must be very politic. Their only salvation lies in suppressing and concealing themselves. But the man who thinks deeply and loves ardently may safely abandon himself to action.

Let us forget ourselves into a carnival of action. Let us work under the inspiration of large things and not small things. Let us for a year be diligent in these things, and give ourselves wholly to them, that our progress may be manifest into all.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Happy Christ*

Its object being, as the author states, to tell "children the story of Jesus with absolute and convincing reality"; also "those children already old enough to know themselves teased by the perplexities of religious instruction."

Perhaps the chapter topics best describe the thoughts unfolded, "When the Cross Seems All," "When the Cross Seems Nought," "The Attraction of Christ," and, lastly, "The Secret."

The plea throughout is against the law of sorrow and sacrifice for sin which is regarded as having held the prominent place in church doctrine and Christian faith too long. This interpretation of The Happy Christ emphasizes those elements of Jesus' personality and ministry which show him full of joy and a Joy-bringer to men.

"The Secret" is defined as follows: "We are so to concern ourselves not with an invisible and intangible spiritual world but with the spiritual world appearing before our eyes materially, that we come at last into actual and eternal spiritual communion with our Father in Heaven."

There is lack of grip on the facts of human self-conflict and defeats by sin of the peace of forgiveness and the new power in life by faith's moral triumph in union with the Christ of the Cross. Whatever protest is made against the teaching of the Cross touches only those phases of human interpretation which belong to crude and unspiritual thinking. But this little treatise fails to appreciate "the Man of Sorrows" and knows not why he "was acquainted with grief," nor does it realize that this sole idea of The Happy Christ would to men's minds who best evaluate their moral needs deprive them of the one sufficient Saviour. The tone of writing in this book is on the key of Christian Science. Q. L. Dowd.

*The Happy Christ, by Harold Bigbie. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Notes

Peace Publications. I wish that all of our publishers were inspired by the same public spirit and conscience that animates the work of Edwin Ginn. Sending out the International Library of books pertaining to the subject of war, Mr. Ginn says, "Deeply impressed by our obligations, and our great opportunities, as Americans, at this juncture, I have felt that the most effective influence against the military spirit, would be the wide circulation among our people of the best international books, condemning the methods of force, and inculcating the methods of reason. Uniting with a few friends and helpers, in a work which we trust will rapidly grow, we have issued the following works as the beginnings of an International Library." The list already published includes Blochs' Future of War; Sumner's Addresses on War; Channing's Discourses on War; Warner's Ethics of Force; Bridgman's World Organization; Dodge's War Inconsistent With the Religion of Jesus Christ, and Walsh's Moral Damage of War. These range in price from 60 to 90 cents by mail; net price, 50 to 75 cents. Buyers of these books will understand that they are engaged, personally, with Mr. Ginn, in the great enterprise of abolishing war. I cannot help quoting one more sentence from this ideal publisher: "It is for us jealously to hold the republic up to the level of its best ideals, and to keep our children in the schools, and our families in their homes, alive to those ideals, and to their duties in behalf of peace, and order, and the progress of mankind."

Religion of the People. From the same publisher I am in receipt of "Briar Patch Philosophy," which I have already briefly noticed. On the whole, this book has more keen and real philosophy than any volume that I have seen for many a month. If you will turn to page 75, there is a fine analysis of animal instinct. Mr. Long notes five strong tendencies, on the part of every little cub that is born; the first to take food when he is hungry—as near an unreasoning action as you will ever find in an animal; the second to lie perfectly still when threatened by an unknown danger—because Nature has covered every cub to make it as near invisible as possible; the third to cry out for help when in trouble—and this Mr. Long suggests may be the origin of natural religion. "For it was surely most foolish in a rational universe, to give a cub, or a man,

an instinct to cry for help, unless some great Thoughtfulness had also provided that the cry should be heard by some superior power, having the will to hear and to heed the appeal." The fourth instinct noted is to play; and play, as we have seen in our kindergartens, is the universal educator. Mr. Long insists that we ought all through life to follow out this instinct, and never kill it. The fifth instinct is for the helpless creature to follow and obey the first large living thing, near him, when he comes into the world—and this fortunately is generally his own mother. I can hardly say enough in favor of this book. Its religion is rational; its theology is defensible, and its motive is perfect.

A Great New Novel. I wish once more to call your attention to one of our recent novels, for my notes did not do it entire justice. I refer to "Queen of the Rushes," by Allen Raine, and published by George W. Jacobs & Co., of Philadelphia. Unquestionably this is the finest work of fiction placed on the market during the last year, or I have missed the better one. I have seen nothing so fine, either in spirit or workmanship, since Jorn Uhl. Do not miss it.

When a book comes from Ginn & Co., of Boston, I always expect something fine. This time I get Wm. J. Long's last book, entitled "Briar Patch Philosophy." Mr. Long does not enter into a useless controversy with Mr. Burroughs; but he just goes on proving that animals DO reason. The book is got up in the finest style by the publishers, but none too ornate or attractive for the quality of the story and argument. Some time I am going to take up Brother Rabbit's Philosophy in the Briar Patch a little more at length.

"Trussia" is by Davis Brinton. I have not had time to read this book, and "Captain Courtesy," both of them love stories; but I have looked them through sufficiently to form a favorable impression. If I find either of them, or both, are specially deserving, I will give them further notice.

From Little, Brown & Co. I have a capital new story of Arizona life, in which the Captain, who is sent to investigate an Indian massacre, falls in love with the granddaughter of the owner of Blossom Ranch. There is quite a dramatic coloring to the closing scenes, but it comes out all right. The book is called "Pardner of Blossom Range," and is by Frances Charles, author of "In the Country God Forgot." From the same house comes "Buff, a Tale for the Thoughtful," by Physiopath. This book undertakes to interpret life, medicine, etc., from the standpoint of Nature. It assumes that the ways of Nature are superior to the ways of man. This is possibly true, if you do not allow that man is himself a part of Nature. There is a good deal of inclination on the part of this author, and others, to interpret man as a pervert from Nature. The book is, however, of decided value as a study. "The Story of Straggles," by George Wharton James, is a delicious bit of narration. I have read it with delight. It tells the story of a little song sparrow, who took Prof. James to his little heart and found no nicer nesting place than in the palm of his hand. If all men were such men more birds would be like Straggles.

E. P. POWELL.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

More Extracts from Personal Letters

REV. CLEMENT G. CLARKE, Minneapolis, Minn.—"I find myself distinctly interested in the work and plans and literature of the Congress of Religion movement, and can be counted on for coöperation in the direction of having a session of the Conference here in Minneapolis this year.

"I believe such a conference would enlist the active participation and sympathy of a goodly number of men about here. Perhaps the main difficulty would be, not lack of interest or sympathy, but the difficulty of finding time for one more thing."

W. G. STUBBINS, Clifton, Ill.—"Your good letter got shunted aside and I have just come to it. I am emphatically in sympathy with "The Congress." But there is little or no chance here, Catholic, Danish Lutheran, M. E., and Congregational. If there was the ghost of a show for 'Fellowship Meetings,' I'd say come.

JAMES W. STRONG, president Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.—"Returning from a six months' sojourn in California, I have found your letter of January 11th, which would have been answered promptly, had it been received. Perhaps at this late date, no reply is expected or will be of any use; still I will add my name to your list (of Congress adherents) and thus put it, on paper at least, into good company."

REV. WM. H. SHORT, Nekoosa, Wis., Nov. 21, 1906.—"My Dear Mr. Osborne: I want to thank you for setting me, by your recent letter, to examining more carefully than I had done before into the purposes and spirit of The Congress of Religion. I had approved it in a general way as one of the many agencies making so happily in these days toward a fuller understanding of one another among religious people. I am glad now to think it one of the most practical, helpful and hopeful of the movements toward this end. You aim, if I understand you, (1) For the purpose of inspiration and broader outlook, to summon the churches of every name away from the provincialisms and discouragements of their separate and separating emphases, that they may rejoice in asserting together the great, glad, universal faiths and affirmations of Protestant and Catholic, Christian and Jew; while leaving all free to assert their peculiar beliefs and do their separate work in its time and place.

"(2) For the purpose of practical coöperation in making a righteous human society, to enable us all to forget for the time the fact that we are not wholly one in faith, in order that we may become one in action, all Seekers-after-God coöperating 'in the prosecution of those great ethical truths, those cardinal virtues, those elements of purity and peace, righteousness and truth, goodness and godliness, which are generally recognized as the heralds of the Kingdom of God on earth.'

"It need hardly be said that I favor these ends with all my heart. I sincerely congratulate you on being connected in so close a way with such a movement. I wish you all success, and may your loaves and fishes multiply as you feed the waiting multitude. I wrote in a notebook about the time I started to college two general purposes of my life, one of which was to do my utmost to hasten union of the churches. Like many others who have made resolutions, I have not been doing much at the matter. Am glad that you are.

"But let me coöperate now to the small extent of a subscription to UNITY.

Rev. T. B. Thompson, Watertown, Wis.—I have your letter and literature concerning the Congress of Religion. I have read both with interest. I find myself in hearty sympathy with its expressed purpose of looking toward the "practical coöperation of all religious forces for the moral redemption of the world."

Rev. Robert C. Denison, Janesville, Wis.—Of course I am very glad to add my word of commendation to the purpose and the ideal of the Congress of Religion. I am ready for anything which promises in any way to relieve the waste of misunderstanding and disunion among Christians.

Rev. S. A. Long, Byron, Ill.—Think it would be well to hold Congress of Religion, emphasize points of agreement and lessen, if possible, points of disagreement. God is leading us to see the value of closer fellowship among all religious bodies.

Rev. H. Stauffer, Milwaukee.—I certainly am in sympathy with the aims of the Congress of Religion and shall be glad to say so on proper occasions.

Rev. J. F. Loba, Evanston, Ill.—I shall be very happy to say several words in commendation of the purpose and ideal of the Congress of Religion.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Destruction of Kingston.

Following closely in the wake of such awful calamities as the San Francisco and Valparaiso horrors, the practical annihilation of the city of Kingston in Jamaica by earthquake and fire on January 14 strikes a fresh note of consternation in the heart of humanity. The reports of the catastrophe, which have filled the newspapers during the past week, while at first conflicting and differing in details, owing to necessarily meager information and to the isolation of the ill-fated city, are now sufficiently complete and authentic for us to form some idea of the scope and magnitude of the disaster. The entire city was wrecked by seismic shocks, and the greater portion devoured by the flames that broke out immediately. As in San Francisco, the water mains were shattered by the earthquake at the outset, so that the fire had its own way until it burned itself out. The press has supplied us with lurid pen-pictures of the awful scenes that followed the devastation, and the end is not yet; but a full comprehension of the intensity and the blackness of woe that follow in the train of these more or less mysterious cataclysms of Nature is beyond man's ken. The sympathy of the world is again extended to a blotted-out community. As a substantial evidence of the sincerity of its sympathy our government promptly took the initiative in the matter of relief and sent two warships and some subsidiary craft to Kingston, under the command of Rear Admiral Davis, to render such assistance as might be possible. His marines performed excellent service, patrolling the streets, clearing away debris, attending the wounded and preventing looting. All this was done in the name of humanity and with the tacit approval of England (as will doubtless appear), who owns the island.

Governor Swettenham.

It is deplorable, to say the least, that the governor of Jamaica should entertain so exaggerated an idea of his own importance, and such false notions of British pride, as to allow himself to stoop to the act of discourtesy, which he committed last Saturday. If the dispatches quote the correspondence between Governor Swettenham and Admiral Davis correctly, the governor is guilty not only of unwarranted asperity and pig-headed arrogance, but also of a breach of international courtesy that will make him the cynosure of the civilized world. Tactless, undiplomatic, narrow-minded and selfish to the point of insulting the benefactors of his stricken people, the executive will doubtless be called to account by his home government for his peremptory request that Admiral Davis reëmbark the United States marines and withdraw from the island. How the incident will be regarded diplomatically it is too early to determine. From various comments in the London press it is pretty safe to conjecture that England will repudiate her brilliant Jamaican representative and consign him to the oblivion which his inhumanity and short-sightedness deserve. Admiral Davis appears to have conducted himself with dignity and honor throughout.

Ohio River Floods.

The Ohio River is making for itself a new record. Not since the memorable flood of 1884 has the river been such a menace to the towns and cities along its banks as it is now. Incalculable damage has been done to property from Pittsburg to Cairo, and thousands are homeless. Business is at a standstill in Cincinnati, the Union passenger station has been abandoned, and the previous high water mark has been passed. Reports from all along the river are of similar tenor: high water mark records are broken, destructive inundations have either occurred or are hourly feared, levees are threatened, and buildings have been washed away by the score. At present writing no relief is in sight.

A Day of Wrecks.

January 19 was a black-letter day in the history of western railroads, particularly the Big Four. Ten wrecks of more or less consequence are chronicled as having occurred on that date. The two worst, in point of loss of life and destruction of property, happened on the Big Four, one at Fowler, Ind., due to the failure of an engineer to see a block signal in the fog, and involving the loss of sixteen lives; and one near Terre Haute, due to the explosion of a carload of powder in a freight train on a siding just as a passenger train was running by on the main track. Hardly anything was left of either train. Fragments of wood, iron and humanity were scattered over a radius of hundreds of feet from the spot where the explosion took place. The dead are known to number more than thirty. From the nature of things an investigation will probably yield no results touching the cause of the explosion or the blame for it.

A Week of Horrors.

The current news of the past week is well calculated to show how helpless is man when he falls into the relentless hands of natural forces, and when the inexorable laws of Nature make no discriminations in their operation. One is almost tempted to become a pessimist or a cataclysmist as he reads of the Kingston earthquake and holocaust, of the frightful railroad wrecks of recent days, of the Scranton typhoid epidemic, of the floods, of the danger from contagious diseases that confronts Chicago, of the unprecedented gale that wrought such damage in Buffalo on Sunday, and so on through a concatenation of tragic events, which human knowledge cannot anticipate nor human science or power avert. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" seems to have more than a mere poetic significance.

Traction Referendum.

The existing status of the traction problem in Chicago ought to be satisfactory to all strict referendumites, for those who desire and demand a formal referendum at the polls on the pending ordinances may petition for it according to law. Alderman Foreman's resolution, adopted by the council last week, provides that the ordinances shall go into immediate effect unless 86,000 registered voters by February 2 shall have signified their desire for a formal referendum in April. Failing that the ordinances become operative at once, and the hoary traction question will have passed into history. The writer believes in the principle of the referendum, but in this particular issue he is of the belief that a sufficient expression of popular feeling has been given to demonstrate the needlessness of a formal referendum. The pending ordinances should go into effect at the earliest possible moment.

Alexieff Again.

The resignation of Admiral Birileff, minister of marine at St. Petersburg, and the return to power of Alexieff, one of the unspeakables, mark another instance of the royal lack of backbone, and the desperate fight for existence on the part of the bureaucracy. Birileff had no scruples in calling spades by their right name. Certain "drawing room sailors," who feared investigation into the naval scandals of the grand ducal regime, prevailed upon his majesty to discredit the bluff Birileff; whereupon Nicholas relegated Birileff to the backside of the bureau drawer, and drew the former viceroy from his dusty corner. Birileff resigned in disgust. Such is life in Slavdom, and such it will be until a popular tornado shall gather sufficient headway to sweep the flotsam and jetsam of a rotten oligarchy off the map of Northeastern Europe.

Change in National Bank Law.

National banks, more especially those located in rural districts, have long felt that the federal law, prohibiting loans on real estate of any kind, is a hardship. This law bids fair to be modified at the present session of Congress, owing to the concerted action of the country members, sufficiently to allow national banks to make loans on farm property. A measure to this effect has already passed the house, and will probably be approved by the Senate. The reasons for this change are sound and are based on the fact, which has been of late years clearly demonstrated, that there is no better or safer security for a loan than a good farm. There are many country banks in existence doing a flourishing and highly profitable business in farm loans under private or state auspices that will gladly seek the protection of a federal charter, and welcome the added prestige that goes with it, if the new law is passed. Most country banks are in a position to make advantageous loans on approved farming property. Hitherto the national bank has been at a disadvantage in this respect. Under the proposed law it will become a more useful servant to its community.

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MON.—A life of ease is not for any man or for any god.

TUES.—The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done.

WED.—In Idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

THURS.—Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.

FRI.—The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk may grow there inside.

SAT.—Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart; let the price be nothing: thou hast then in a certain sense, got All for it. —*Carlyle.*

The Merchant

I am the Frost.
I'll show you diamonds, laces and tapestries
Of all variety,
At lowest cost;
Weavings of chaste design,
Perfect in every line;
Connoisseurs surely will buy of the Frost.

I am the Dew.
Notice my elegant bracelets and necklaces,
All of rare quality;
Pearls not a few;
Emerald and amethyst;
Opal all rainbow kissed;
Ladies rise early to buy of the Dew.

I am the Snow.
Let me display for you carpets most exquisite
Choicest of bordering
Also I show.
Heavy and soft and white,
Spread in a single night;
Folk who have wisdom will buy of the Snow.

I am the Rain.
Something I'll show you priceless and wonderful,
Tawdry and vain!
'Tis but a cloak of gray
Wrapping the world away—
Happy the few who will buy of the Rain.
—*Isabel Mackay in St. Nicholas.*

Dragon-Flies

Today I saw the Dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

He dried his wings; like gauze they grew:
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.
—*Alfred Tennyson.*

In April the larvæ of the Dragon-flies begin to crawl forth from their dark, muddy haunts on the bed of the brook and the edges of the pond. Here they have lived for a year, perhaps more, creeping about in the slime at the roots of the water weeds, seizing and devouring the snails, tadpoles and minnows. All the aquatic insects that come within reach of their sharp-pointed claws fall victims to the insatiable hunger of the larvæ. They are very slow-moving creatures in this stage of their lives, and often remain motionless for hours, or scull themselves leisurely through the water by bending their bodies from side to side.

During this dark, sluggish stage of the Dragon's life he changes his skin several times, but there is no hint in his dull-colored garments of the wonderful shining robes he is finally to don. When the time for the last change approaches the rudiments of wings appear on his back.

This larvæ is a stranger to that long, mysterious sleep in which so many members of the insect world indulge. He spins no cocoon; he does not bury himself in the earth nor hang his chrysalis above the stream. When an inner impulse tells him that the time has come for his old life to end, that a new, a freer existence awaits him, he creeps slowly upwards toward the sunlight and the air—toward that bright world in which he is to live hereafter. When he emerges from the larval skin his body is limp, his wings wet and folded like a fan. The warm sunshine soon kisses them to strength and they grow brilliant and clear as they dry. A half day is often required to prepare them for flying.

One of the Dragon's early peculiarities remains unchanged—his voracious appetite. As soon as he finds himself able to fly, he begins to chase mosquitoes, the gnats and all manner of little winged creatures. He fills his mouth until it will hold no more, then lights on a sunny rock or a swaying water weed to masticate at leisure.

Each day from April to mid October the Dragon larvæ creep upwards, burst their skins and fly forth, decked in every color of the rainbow. Last summer I watched them by the little trout brook where I fished for ninety consecutive days. First came the brown ones with short, thick bodies and glistening wings, next a beautiful red variety with bodies that glowed like rubies. Next in the procession appeared the flies with clouded wings and frost-dusted bodies, followed by the largest and most powerful flyer among them all, with his mosaic of yellow, blue, white and black, and his enormous, compound eyes glistening like jewels.

One day in July a flock of the most exquisite demoiselles appeared hovering over the water. Their flight was very different from that of their strong-winged brothers who had preceded them. They flew in a timid, hesitating way close to the water, touching it every now and then. All had long, slender bodies of a pale pink or blue, shining golden green or burnished bronze, with coal-black wings. These dainty creatures remained but a few days. Having deposited their eggs on the edges of the brook and on the leaves of the water plants, their work was finished, and their bright, brief existence came to an end.

Etchings of Dragon-flies are found on the rocks of Arizona. The Moki Indians say that their ancestors held them in great veneration, as they were powerful friends to them, and in prolonged drought had often led the rain clouds toward their country. Seeing them hovering over the water gave rise to the belief that they had power to open springs. The Dacotahs also reverence them for the same reason.

The Japanese, ever fanciful and poetic, have called their country Akitsusu—the Land of the Dragon-fly—from the fancied resemblance of the shape of the main island to a Dragon-fly.—*Birds and Nature, Margaret Wentworth Leighton.*

In Readiness

They might not need me,
Yet they might.
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight.
A smile so small
As mine might be
Precisely their
Necessity!
—*Emily Dickinson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

WHO WERE THEY? A HINT FOR OUR HOME CITY.—The Swiss have some wise ways of inculcating lessons of enlightened patriotism and civic pride. In some of their cities, for instance, the giving to new streets—and in certain cases even to old ones—the names of distinguished citizens has become a long settled custom. Still this in itself will not suffice to perpetuate the noteworthy achievements and honorable example of the men so commemorated. Soon or late their names will largely lose their significance for the masses unless something further be done to stimulate curiosity about them, and then, by satisfying it, to keep their memory green.

In Geneva this has been understood by a good friend of the young Mr. Arthur Massé, who, to judge from the details that have been given me of his life, is himself deserving of no mean rank as a hero.

Mr. Arthur Massé is in fact the author of a little book: *Qui étaient-ils? Histoire des noms illustres donnés aux rues de Genève.* This, it seems, had been preceded at intervals by three others of a similar nature, which, if the account he gives of the origin of the present volume, is authentic, have evidently not been without their influence on the thoughts and lives of Genevan school boys.

From the introductory chapter we learn that the previous volumes appeared in 1874, 1878 and 1888 respectively. In the long interval since the latter date, a considerable number of personal names have been given to Geneva streets. At length it came to the author's ears that a certain number of schoolboys had become so in the habit of going about on the alert to notice the street names and find out about them, that they were instituting researches of their own concerning such as were of so recent date as not to be found in the biographical dictionaries and other accepted sources of information. It was, therefore, much to be desired that another volume on the street names should be issued.

The author suggested to his informant that he would like to see some of the enterprising boys who had made out a list of the new street names concerning which information was comparatively inaccessible, with notes of such details as they had been able to gather.

Not many days after his wish was gratified by the appearance of two bright-looking boys, whom he proceeded to question as to what gave them the idea of writing up these notes.

"Why," said the larger of the two youngsters, "it was all because of the Escalade.* I thought I would disguise myself as Jean Canal, whose name has been given to our street, and I wanted to know who this Jean Canal was, who played a part in the Escalade. As this boy's mother—indicating his comrade—is concierge in a library, he got her to borrow a book for him that told us the story of Jean Canal, killed in the Escalade."

"And I copied the story," interrupted the other boy.

The author went on to question his young visitors as to the title of this book *(Les Défenseurs de Genève à l'Escalade,* by Louis Dufour Vernes) and what they had found in it. He found the boys had really read to some purpose and were able to tell him things that he did not know. Being a great friend of boys, the result of the interview was an agreement by which if the boys would continue their researches as to the new street names and bring him their material, he would, with their help, prepare another volume of his popular work.

The little book in hand, with its thirty-one chapters, written in semi-conversational style, and illustrated with thirty full-page portraits, purports to be the result of this interesting collaboration. And right here come in most appropriately, for the benefit of my American readers, certain pathetic facts, which the author does not tell us but which are well-known to his admiring fellowtownsmen. Owing to a fall from his nurse's arms in babyhood, Mr. Massé has been his whole lifelong an almost helpless cripple, a truly pitiful sight when one meets him being pushed about in his little wheeled vehicle through the streets of Geneva. With no use of his lower extremities whatever, with arms and hands so twisted and misshapen as to be scarcely usable, and a mouth so distorted as to make articulation difficult, he has yet produced through the years a succession of remarkably successful and popular books for the young.

The list of names treated in the little work before us begins with Michel Roset and Michael Servetus of the period of the Reformation, passes on to Pictet de Rochemont, wise patriot of the time of the Restoration, thence to Merle D'Aubigny, historian of the Reformation, to Eduard Claparède, the brilliant young naturalist too early dead; includes a group of Geneva artists; such names as Daniel Colladon, the physicist; Louis Favre, the engineer of the Saint Gotthard tunnel; Alexandre Lombard, the famous banker; Marc Monnier, poet and litterateur, and local notabilities whose names are perhaps less known this side of the Atlantic.

I cannot close the notice of this suggestive little work more fittingly than by a rendering of the words put into the

*The Escalade, it will be remembered, is the annual festival commemorating the unsuccessful attempt of the Duke of Savoy to capture the city of Geneva by surprise on the night of December 11-12, 1602. On the anniversary night groups of boys in costume go from house to house singing the song of the Escalade.

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mouth of the chief boy collaborator when the book is complete:

"No other instruction has been as profitable to me as the preparation of this book. Do you not know why? Because I have learned to spend my spare hours in an interesting way. In seeking this information and in studying with you the lives, so nobly and usefully filled, of the men to whose memory this book is dedicated, I have learned the love of work. Furthermore, it seems to me that my character has matured and ripened and that I am older by ten years. From the merely curious gamin that I was, I have become, thanks to the example of men whose names are before my eyes at almost every street corner, desirous of doing something in my turn for the honor and glory of my country. This is what I would like to say to the readers of your fourth volume."

"Dear readers," adds the author, "in laying down the compiler's pen, I leave with you the words of my young friend. They show how one can mount step by step and become a man by looking up, and relieve me of the necessity of any other conclusion." M. E. H.

The Field

MINISTERIAL MIGRATION.—The east continues still to draw its ministerial supply from the west. Recently we recorded the fact that John Chadwick's pulpit found a successor in Mr. Dutton who was found in Ohio. Now another Unitarian Society of Brooklyn, the Fourth, has found a pastor in L. A. Harvey, a graduate of Oberlin, who has had successful pastorates in Cincinnati, Des Moines and Erie. The ministry is not a hopeless opportunity for western boys.

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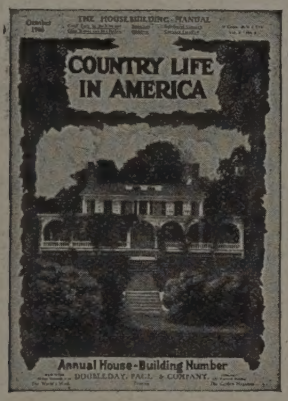

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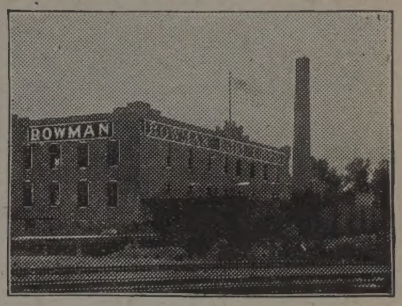

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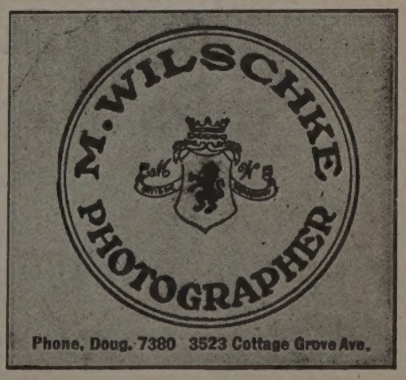

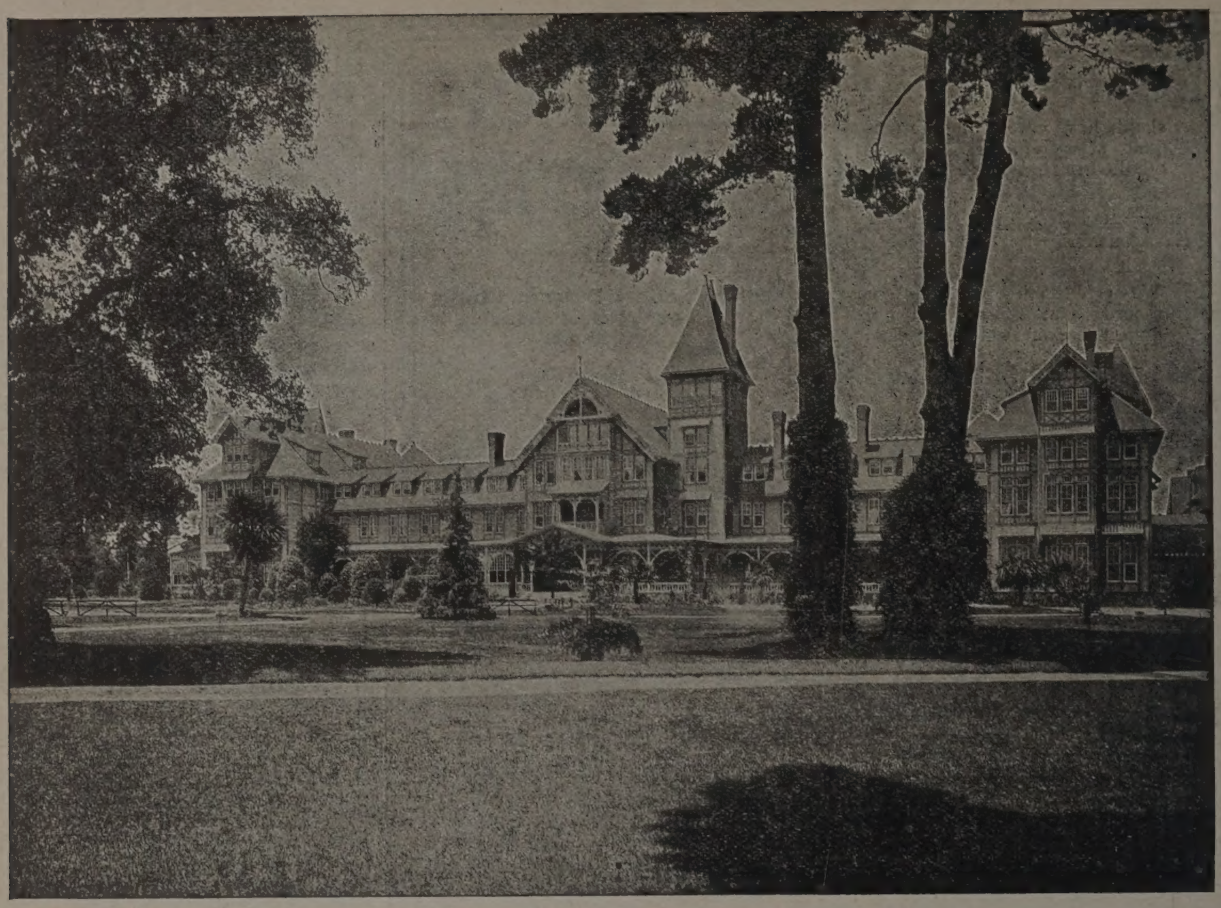

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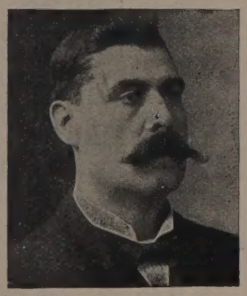

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